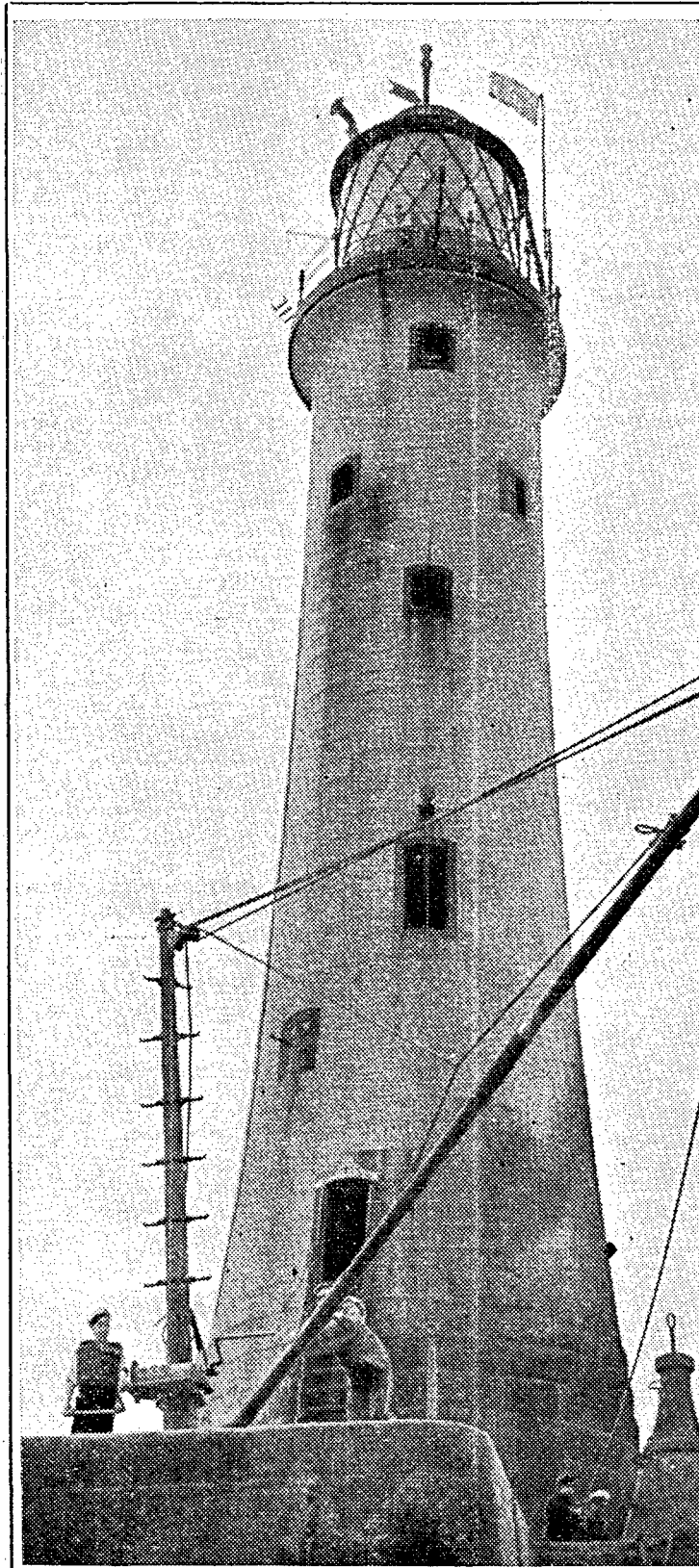


Children's Newspaper

Threepence Weekly

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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RETURN OF A ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP

THE OCEAN IS YIELDING ITS SECRETS TO SCIENTISTS

IN the course of an adventurous voyage, the scientists of the Royal Research Ship, *William Scoresby*, have gained some valuable knowledge about that still largely-unexplored region

of our planet—the ocean. The ship recently returned to Plymouth after a ten-month research cruise in the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean.

LOWERED TO LEAVE

A keeper on the lonely Wolf Rock lighthouse, near Penzance, is lowered to a waiting boat at the end of his spell of duty.

One of the tasks was to mark sperm-whales to gain knowledge of their migrations, about which little is known. For the first time a large number of these ocean giants were marked, as well as other whales in these tropical and sub-tropical waters. The method adopted was shooting from a harpoon gun a fifteen-inch marker which stuck in the whale's thick outer covering of blubber.

It is unlikely that a whale feels anything more than a slight pricking sensation from this; the marker does not injure the great creature, but it is carried by him on his long voyages; and should he be caught, it will show how far he has travelled since he was first labelled. Rewards are offered to whalers returning the markers.

The Great Cachalot

The sperm-whale, or cachalot, is among the biggest of whales, frequently attaining a length of 60 feet. It has a colossal blunt head and a slender, pointed lower jaw. Among its valuable products is the strange substance called ambergris, used in perfumes, which is formed in its body.

Other valuable work carried out by the men of the *William Scoresby* was the study of the Benguela Current off South-West Africa. In this current cold water from the ocean depths brings salts to the surface, stimulating the growth of marine life. The *William Scoresby* scientists made some discoveries about areas of the ocean bed, below this current, which consist of sterile mud containing sulphuretted hydrogen. It is thought that this kind of mud may have something to do with the formation of oil deposits.

Monkey Business Sometimes Pays

BABOON BEGGAR

THIS story of a baboon that learned to beg is vouched for by Mr Josef le Riche, Chief Warden of the Gemsbok Game Reserve, on the lonely reaches of the Kalahari River, South Africa.

Jack, as a baby baboon, lived in a comfortable box on the top of a pole in Mr le Riche's garden. He was a family favourite, petted by everyone and fed with sweets, peanuts, and bananas.

But one day, when he had grown up, he disgraced himself by breaking his chain and raiding a neighbour's poultry run. That brief spell of liberty was his undoing. A repetition of such behaviour could not be risked, so Mr le Riche bundled Jack into his car and set off for the Game Reserve.

On the banks of the Nossop River Jack was liberated among the thousands of springbok, gemsbok, and other antelopes that inhabit the two million-acre stretch of wild, natural territory.

Bright at Week-ends

At first Jack felt rather forlorn as the only representative of his kind among that vast gathering of wild creatures. But he always brightened up at week-ends when Mr le Riche arrived with raisins, biscuits, and chocolates.

Recently, however, Jack has got into the habit of stopping every passing car. The moment he hears the sound of one approaching he clambers down from his treetop retreat, takes up a position in the middle of the road, and stops the oncoming vehicle by raising both arms in the air.

He then climbs on to the bonnet of the car, looks through a window, and by his behaviour indicates his disappointment if no toothsome morsels are forthcoming.

But they nearly always are! Few motorists pass without giving Jack a bar of toffee, a packet of dried fruit, or a soft drink.

He has learned a profitable form of monkey business.

Mathematics No Trouble At All

SAKUNTALA DEVI, a 20-year-old mathematical prodigy from Bangalore, has been demonstrating her genius in this country. She is able to calculate in her head faster than a comptometer, and such problems as finding the cube root of 430,368,875 (it is 755) are simple mental arithmetic to her.

The best-known prodigy of this kind in British annals was perhaps George Parker Bidder, a Devon boy who was born in 1806 and toured the country with his father as the "calculating boy."

Young Bidder was rescued from this and eventually went to Edinburgh University. Later he helped George Stephenson with much of his railway development.

Kimche

KOREAN canneries are preparing to export to Britain and America a pickle called Kimche. The ingredients are cabbage and radish, onions, leeks, and cheese.

On Other Pages

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KING'S ENGLISH IN LIVERPOOL

The Language of Dicky Sams and Scousers

LIVERPOOL, as all the world knows, has a dialect of its own. Words and phrases have been introduced into the common language largely because this great industrial city of the North-West is also one of our largest seaports.

To explain the derivation and meaning of many of these words and phrases a book on Liverpool dialect is now being prepared.

A major influence on the coining of words has been the presence of a considerable Irish

colony, and to a lesser degree that of the Americans.

A Dicky Sam is a native-born inhabitant of Liverpool, in the same way as a Tim Bobbin is a native of Lancashire, but a Liverpudlian can also be described as a Scouser. Scouse itself is a colloquial term for Irish stew.

A friend is a whacker and has no relation to a "clew on the ear," which a mother uses for the gentle correction of a child. A kind of pudding cake with sugar on top is known as a "Wet Nella."

Their School-Lessons Are Posted

IN Australia, well-sinkers, opal miners, station hands, and foreign immigrants eagerly join in the lessons sent through the post to youngsters in places far from schools.

There are 18,000 children in Australia who are educated in correspondence schools. One girl, who lives far out in the Nullarbor Plains, and was left motherless at the age of nine, found time to do the correspondence lessons while she bravely carried on caring for the family.

ON OUR OWN FEET

MORE than a year has passed since the devaluation of the pound sterling and the results of this bold move are now becoming apparent. A number of statements recently made by members of the British and the American Governments confirm the view that this step has been entirely successful.

Let us first go back to September 18, 1949, when, overnight, the value of the pound sterling fell from four dollars to two dollars 80 cents. To the American public this meant that they could buy our goods by about one-third cheaper. There is no doubt that they, and we, took full opportunity of the new conditions. Hence the tremendous increase in the exports of our goods to the United States and, in the opposite direction, of the flow of dollars to Britain's Treasury.

American Spending

But this is not all. The past year also witnessed amazing spending by the American Government in those parts of the world known as the Sterling area. This spending is not a sudden whim of the U.S. Government, but a deeply thought-out policy of accumulating as much of the most essential raw materials as possible.

This "stockpiling," as it is technically called, is to provide the United States with great reserves of essential materials in case of an emergency. As it happens, some of the most important materials needed by the United States, such as wool, rubber, and tin, come from Commonwealth countries in the Sterling area, and are thus tremendous dollar earners.

Devaluation and American stockpiling have thus changed a dangerous dollar deficit into a surplus of dollars and gold. This is a most welcome turn of events. But there is the American point of view to be considered, and the Americans, who are also providing great sums of money as Marshall Aid, hold the opinion that this country no longer has

need of dollars taken from the pocket of the American taxpayer. It may well be that in the very near future we shall cease to receive Marshall Aid for our own economic needs.

This is not a prospect which any of us should regret if we can now stand on our own feet. For it does not mean that the Americans are losing interest in European recovery. On the contrary, they are watching the European economic position very carefully. They have assured us that if we strain our resources unduly in helping our European neighbours, or if, as a result of our armament efforts, our exports to dollar countries should suffer, they are ready to step into the breach with their willing aid.

This policy is clearly foreshadowed in a Report made by the American expert Mr Gray and published by President Truman. This Report states that economic aid to Europe may be needed even after 1952, when Marshall Aid officially comes to an end.

Happier Outlook

There may be yet another interesting result of our improved dollar situation. It may not be long before American goods, both of the more luxurious type and necessities, begin to return to the showrooms and shops of the British Commonwealth. Australia, for instance, which has earned a lot of dollars lately, will be one of the first to benefit in this way.

The past year has once again shown that we live in a closely interdependent world and that the results of a nation's enterprise and strenuous effort spread far and wide.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

MORE PLAYING FIELDS

Lancashire local authorities are seeking to convert the ugly slag heaps which disfigure the countryside into playing fields. The Board of Trade has power to make grants towards such work, and applications from Skelmersdale, Ashton in Makerfield, and Hindley are already being considered.

When a member of a visiting Commission was taken seriously ill on Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, two nursing sisters from Singapore General Hospital were flown the 700 miles by an R.A.F. flying-boat to assist the doctor.



Tommy the Seagull is a favourite at Whitby Coastguard station, Yorkshire, where his unusual perch earns him a snack.

Archers in traditional dress, each carrying a yew bow and a quiver of arrows, attended a special service in Britain's oldest wooden church at Greensted, near Ongar, Essex.

Mr Bruce Smith, Head Keeper at the London Zoo, has been awarded the Zoological Society's bronze medal for his part in rearing Brumas.

Out of Darkness

Dan Ramsbottom, of Summerseat, Lancs, accidentally blinded 16 years ago when limewash splashed in his eyes, has had the sight of one eye restored by an operation at Manchester Eye Hospital. Doctors are hopeful of restoring the sight of the other eye.

Greetings Telegrams, popular before the war, have just been reintroduced. There is a minimum charge of 2s for 12 words, with a penny for each additional word.

The Lord Mayor of London's National Disaster Fund, raised to help sufferers from the winter floods of 1946-47, reached a total of nearly £3,000,000. Live pets were among the gifts sent from all parts of the Empire.

A Czech refugee, Eugen Prokop, has won the Carl Flesch medal for violinists under 30, which is awarded annually by the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

LOOKING AHEAD

Next year's University Boat Race will be rowed from Putney to Mortlake on March 24 (Easter Saturday) at 2 p.m.

Two pupils at Catesgrove Lane Boys' School, Reading—Gordon Hancock and George Drummond—have won prizes for services rendered in looking after the two school rabbits which feature in biology lessons and also pose for the art class.

In the new Browning Chapel in St Marylebone Parish Church the study table from the poet's Venice home, where he died, is used as the altar.

The Nigerian Cocoa Marketing Board is contributing £1,000,000 to help to endow the Department of Agriculture at University College, Ibadan.

More South Africans

The population of the Union of South Africa has increased by 901,000 since the census of 1946 and is now 12,320,000. Europeans number 2,620,000, an increase of 247,000; the native population is 8,347,000, an increase of 516,000.

Among the cargo on a plane from London Airport to Persia was a tinful of English snails, being taken out to stock a pond.

Josef Krips, who for some years has been the chief conductor of the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, is to be the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra for one year. His associate conductor will be George Stratton, leader of the L.S.O. since 1933.

REEL LIBRARY

A Swiss film library containing 6000 films is being prepared. Many date back to the first days of motion pictures.

For the first nine months of this year Canada has imported from Great Britain goods to the value of 290,364,000 dollars. This is an increase of 49,651,000 dollars over the same period last year. Exports to Britain were 344,100,000 dollars against 526,000,000 dollars.

£115 in scorched notes which were pulled from the lining of an old sofa on a Guy Fawkes Night bonfire at Beith, Ayrshire, a year ago has been handed back to the children who found it. The police had kept the money for a year but there was no claimant.

The number of overseas visitors to Britain is expected to increase to 600,000 by the end of the year, representing an earning capacity for the year of £70,000,000, of which 30 per cent is in dollars.

Unesco is to spend over £7,000,000 on a 12-year scheme to fight illiteracy throughout the world.

A copper cylinder containing a complete record of restoration work carried out in 1950 has been inserted in the capstone at the top of Salisbury Cathedral spire, where the work is now nearing completion.

His Chief

The statue of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith will be unveiled in the House of Commons on Wednesday, December 6, by Mr Churchill, the only member of the House of Commons who served in Asquith's Government.

A one-legged Dutchman was rescued with his wife and three children from a small yacht off Brixham after flying a pair of trousers as a distress signal. The family were trying to get to South America when their tiny craft was caught in a gale.

This year's Animals' Fair, organised by the National Council for Animals' Welfare, is being held on December 6 and 7 at the Royal Horticultural Hall (Old Hall), Vincent Square, London, S.W.1.

5000 Doomed People

LORD LUCAS recently made the grim prophecy that during the next 12 months 5000 people will be killed on our roads and 250,000 injured.

Lord Lucas is chairman of the Government Committee on Road Safety, and he confessed that he had "just about come to his wits' end on this terrible question of road accidents."

He said that since 1945 Britain has spent over £300,000,000 on road improvements, but cannot as yet afford the orbital roads, motorways, fly-overs, and pedestrian tunnels which are so desirable.

Startling Increase

He drew attention to the startling increase in the number of motor-cyclists killed, most of them men between 20 and 22 years of age, "the cream of the nation's manhood," and he also declared that the carelessness of pedestrians is the biggest factor in the road accident problem.

He is in favour of a more rigid enforcement of the traffic laws which, since 1939, he said, "have been so disregarded that they have been brought absolutely into disrepute. Some of the penalties imposed today are no deterrent whatever."

The thought of 255,000 healthy men, women, and children doomed to walk, ride, and drive to death and injury in the next 12 months is one against which all right-minded people will rebel with indignation. The war against road accidents must become a citizens' war, and in this our boys and girls, with their safety training, are already becoming leaders.

THE GREAT MAN REMEMBERED

ANNIE MOFOKENG, a Msutu woman who has received a legacy of £100 under the will of General Smuts, has for the past 20 years been a housemaid at Doornkloof, the late statesman's farm near Pretoria.

"She has been a devoted servant," said Mrs Smuts' daughter, "and almost one of the family. She is the kind of native servant that most South African homes had in the good old days."

During General Smuts's Premiership Doornkloof was visited by many famous people, but no matter how high or low the visitor Annie would sail into the room with a large tray on which were cups of coffee to refresh her master and his guests.

Lucky Horseshoe

A HORSESHOE nailed to a tree trunk really did bring luck to an Australian the other day.

Alan Taylor, an employee at Keepit Dam, New South Wales, was motoring with two other men towards the dam about midnight when the car became bogged. They got out to free their car, and Taylor slipped into the Naomi River, a few feet away. He was swept 200 yards downstream.

Desperately he tried to grab tree branches, but they eluded him. Eventually he caught hold of a projecting horseshoe nailed to a tree, and he hung on to it grimly until help came.

Your C N

THE Editor regrets that despite the great efforts which are being made to speed production it may be some little time before the C N is available on its normal day of sale.

You can ensure receiving your copy as soon as each issue is published by placing an order with your newsagent to deliver Children's Newspaper each week until further notice.

Sentimental Journey

AUSTRALIA'S jubilee celebrations next year will include a very unusual journey. Two actors, accompanied by six Army officers, will set out on January 1 to make the same journey under similar conditions as that made 120 years ago by Captain Charles Sturt when he explored the Murrumbidgee and Murray Rivers.

Captain Sturt and a companion made the journey with three soldiers and three civilians. The party of eight who will enact the journey will start at Wagga, New South Wales, and will travel overland with wagons carrying a whale boat and skiff similar to those used by Captain Sturt and his party.

Incidents on the journey, including attacks by natives, will be filmed, and day-to-day events will be broadcast.

REEVE & DEPUTY CHOSEN

AGE-OLD customs are once again being observed in two ancient towns in Suffolk and Essex.

At the annual Town Meeting at Bungay (Suffolk) the identity of the new Town Reeve, always a closely guarded secret, was revealed. The Reeve, whose year of office starts on the first Tuesday in December, is selected by his predecessor from an august body of citizens known as the Feoffees.

The office dates from Saxon days, and is equivalent to that of the Norman Mayor. The income of the Town Purse, which the Reeve expends for the good of his fellows, is derived mainly from rents of lands and other property.

The other ceremony was the election of Deputy of the Cinque Port Liberty of Brightlingsea (Essex), also for a year. It took place on Choosing Day, which dates back to 1555, in the belfry tower of the fine old Parish Church, and was accompanied by traditional pomp and dignity.

Eight residents were elected Freemen, those not born in the town having to pay eleven pennies each. A balance in hand of £12 after paying the customary "ship money" to the Head Cinque Port of Sandwich has been reported.

SOLVING A JUTE PROBLEM

JUTE, the fibre from the bark of plants used in the manufacture of hessian, canvas, coarse sacking, and other essential commodities, has for long been regarded as one of the staple products of India and Pakistan.

Because of the enormous amount of labour required for harvesting, retting, hand-stripping the bark, and preparing the fibre, other countries have found it more economical to rely on India, where labour is plentiful and wages have been low.

Faced by the high prices now ruling for raw jute, and by the continuing state of tension in world politics, many countries are now endeavouring to establish local supplies of substitute fibres for strategic purposes.

Hibiscus fibre and Urena or Aramina fibre is now grown in South America, Brazil, Cuba, South Africa, and the Belgian

Congo, and preparations are being made to extend the cultivation elsewhere. Mechanical harvesting of the crops has already been achieved, but complete success depends on finding a machine which will strip and prepare the fibre from the green stems.

It is now reported that a German firm has invented a machine to do the work. It is known as the Hubert decorticator, and Cuba is said to have placed a large order for these machines. Should it prove satisfactory there will be nothing to hinder the cultivation of this class of fibre anywhere in the tropics.

It would be a sad blow to India and Pakistan, though the machine might revolutionise and cheapen the preparation of their own jute, thus enabling them to compete successfully with substitute fibres.

NEW DANISH CHURCH

LONDON is to have a new Danish church—in Regent's Park. The Royal Chapel of St Katherine, built by Ambrose Poynter, a pupil of John Nash, designer of the famous terraces, is being prepared for this purpose. Historical fittings from old Copenhagen churches are being used.

TUSSAUD'S ON TOUR

SIR NOEL GOLDIE, Recorder of Manchester, has made an interesting discovery among some old family papers. It is the original playbill of a "promenade and exhibition" of a waxworks by Madame Tussaud, "artist," in the Pantheon, Church Street, Liverpool. The date was 1829.

This playbill advertises that Mr J. Tussaud will be in attendance daily for five hours to make profiles of patrons, and that these, "highly bronzed," cost only three shillings. It also calls attention to one section which, "in consequence of the peculiarity of their appearance," is "placed in an adjoining situation for inspection by artists and amateurs"—evidently the Chamber of Horrors.

Many of these waxworks had been made by Madame Tussaud by order of the National Assembly, and included Jean Paul Marat, "taken immediately after his assassination by Charlotte Corday," and the heads of Robespierre, Carrier, Fouquier-Tinville, and Hébert.

BED THAT GROWS

THOSE of us who know our classical legends will remember the dreadful giant Procrustes, who lured unwary travellers into his castle and when night drew on placed them in a bed. If the traveller was too short for the bed Procrustes stretched him out to fit; if he was too long the giant lopped a bit off.

From the legend we have got the adjective Procrustean, applied to methods that achieve uniformity by violent means.

Procrustes, however, would have been baffled by a child's bed which was recently on show in London, and later will be included in the Festival of Britain display. By a simple device this bed can be enlarged, growing as the child grows, until its owner is ready for a full-sized bed.

AIR TRANSPORT FOR 2000 WORKERS

Two thousand British workers are to be flown to Canada to work on Ontario Hydro Commission projects. They will go in groups of about 200 and the first batch will probably leave in January.

The men, who are needed chiefly for the new £100,000,000 Niagara power scheme, will live in camps. They will be selected in London by a Canadian committee, and will be flown to the Dominion because of the shipping shortage.



A Run Over the Downs

These Samoyed dogs are quite a handful when they are exercised on the Surrey Downs. Tony and Terry Ashfield of Whyteleafe are carried away with their task!

800-YEAR-OLD HISTORY BOOK

A 12TH-CENTURY history book by Henry of Huntingdon, the man who gave us the famous story of King Canute and the waves, has been acquired by the British Museum.

This valuable manuscript is a 12th-century copy of the edition of Henry of Huntingdon's *Chronicle* which ended in the year 1147.

Henry, who died in 1155, was Archdeacon of Huntingdon. He took the material for his English history from earlier chroniclers, notably England's first historian, Bede. He admitted that he enlarged some of his records by traditional tales he heard, as in the story of Canute, and it is probable that he also embroidered them from his own imagination. But his records of events between 1127 to 1154 may be more reliable because they happened in his own time.

TRAPPED IN AN ASBESTOS MINE

A RHODESIAN miner, Walter Garside, was working in the Shabani asbestos mine when masses of rock suddenly gave way under his feet, and took him down a shaft, where more rock fell on him. When the rush ceased he found himself a helpless prisoner in a cell so small that he had to sit with his knees bent and his shoulders hunched. He knew, however, that two fellow-workers had seen him fall, and he told himself that air would filter through the broken rocks to him. Walter did not panic.

After what must have seemed years to him he heard voices calling his name, and he shouted back. When much of the loose rock had been removed, a rope was passed through to him. He was rescued after being buried alive for eight hours.

INVISIBLE MARKS

A LAUNDRY at Stockport, in Cheshire, is now using a type of laundry marking which is completely invisible, to avoid spoiling the appearance of articles. The marking is done in invisible ink by an electrically-driven machine. The ink is permanent, and harmless to any type of fabric.

Although the mark cannot be seen, it shows up clearly under an ultra-violet ray lamp, when it glows a faint blue. The laundry, which has 18 of these lamps in use, claims that 98 per cent of all the articles handled can be marked in this way.

SHEFFIELD'S BIG APPETITE

CHILDREN in Sheffield eat more school dinners per head in the course of a year than those of any of our other big cities. Calculations based on statistics recently prepared show that, on the average number of pupils on school registers, each pupil consumed the following number of school meals: Sheffield, 128; Manchester, 124; London, 100; Liverpool, 95; Leeds, 91; Bradford, 80; and Birmingham, 71.

RHODESIAN RAIN

"It's raining, it's pouring, the old man's snoring," is a favourite rhyme with British boys and girls, but would seem inadequate to youngsters in Southern Rhodesia. For no old man went on snoring when the rainy season began recently in Shamva by depositing an inch of rain in ten minutes, carrying a 5000-gallon water tank for half-a-mile, and breaking two dams.

Wind kept the rain company, tore off roofs right and left and blew down over one hundred large trees. Hail bombarded the locality with stones as big as hens' eggs. Telephone lines and power connections were badly disrupted.

TANKER SALVAGED AFTER 8 YEARS

AFTER lying for 8½ years at the bottom of the 60-foot deep Mursa Xluk Bay, Malta, the 9400 ton tanker *Breconshire*, of the Glen Line, has been refloated.

Before bringing her to the surface divers fixed pumps and salvaged 1000 gallons of oil for use ashore.

Experiments were then carried out with a 12-foot model in a test tank, and as a result it was decided to attempt to surface the hulk by the compressed air method.

Divers working five-hour spells fitted air valves. The after compartments were then pumped dry and tubes fitted to the valves. When sufficient air had been pumped into the compartments from the salvage vessel the hulk slowly came to the surface stern first.

It was then a fairly straightforward operation to secure compression chambers on either side for greater buoyancy and tow the vessel into dock.

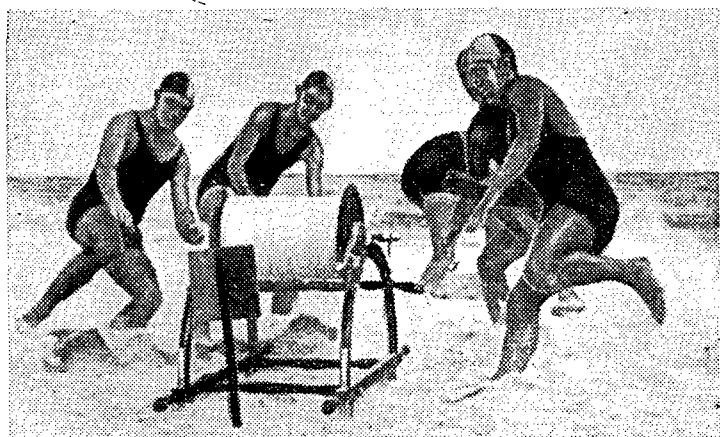
STAMP NEWS

THE Government of Malta are to print special 1d, 3d, and 1s stamps commemorating Princess Elizabeth's third visit to the island. They will bear her portrait and the George Cross.

A SINGLE three-cent violet stamp has been placed on sale in the United States in honour of the Legislative Department.

NORWAY intends to issue three stamps in honour of the author Arne Garborg next January, the centenary of his birth. The old Norse spelling for Norway, Noreg, will appear on these stamps instead of the modern form of Norge.

MAIL for all British Forces fighting in Korea is now free, states the G.P.O.



On an Australian Beach

A team of lifeguards leaps into action during a display of life-saving on Bondi Beach, near Sydney

War Declared on the Locust

A GREAT campaign against a threatened invasion of locusts in the Middle East and Africa is about to begin. It will last three years and will require a mobile force of about a thousand vehicles. Already 57 specially-equipped trucks supplied under the Marshall Plan are being sent to the centre of operations.

This formidable declaration of war against one of man's greatest insect enemies follows reports from countries in the Near East and Africa of threatened large-scale movements of desert locusts.

If they are not checked it is feared that the destructive hordes will descend upon such countries as Nigeria, Egypt, Ethiopia, Persia, Pakistan, and India.

In Search of Food

It is heavy rains that produce swarming conditions among the locusts, for then they multiply to such an extent that they cannot find enough food in their immediate vicinity and so migrate.

A swarm of locusts is one of the most remarkable sights in nature. Hundreds of millions of the insects fill the air and darken the sky. The sound of their wings in flight has been likened to that of a mighty river. Behind them they leave a desolate wilderness, for in a few hours they reduce cornfields to stubble.

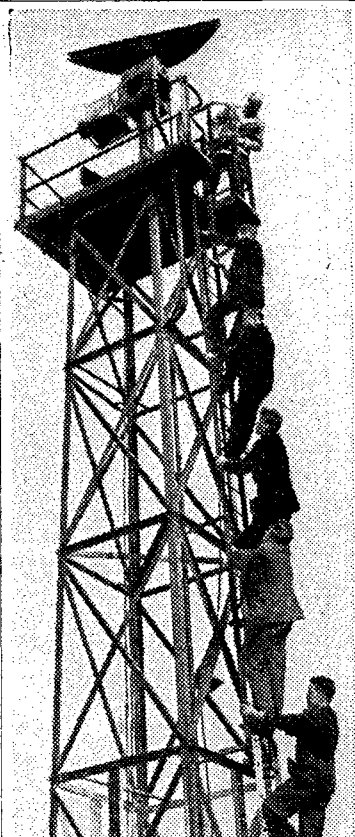
It is difficult to check a locust plague that is well under way. In 1881, however, a method was tried in Cyprus of destroying the locusts while they were "on the march"—that is, about ten days after they hatch.

It had been observed that locusts at this stage could crawl over almost any obstacles that lay in their way, but found it impossible to surmount smooth or polished surfaces. Accordingly

long canvas screens banded with varnished leather were set up on stakes. In front of the screens deep pits were dug at intervals of a few yards, and edged with a few inches of polished zinc.

When the locusts reached the screen they turned aside and fell into the pits, out of which they could not climb, because of the zinc bands. As soon as the pits were almost full they were filled up with earth. In this way Cyprus was cleared of locusts in five years.

In modern times the best method is that of dusting the breeding grounds of the locusts with insecticides from aircraft.



Up North—

Above: Merchant Navy cadets of the new Leith Nautical College climb the 50-foot ladder to the radar platform. Below: Merchant Navy cadets of the School of Navigation, Southampton, on the bowsprit of the ketch Moyana.

—Down South



SUIT O' BASUTO

THE famous Harris tweed has a new rival. In Basutoland the natives are being taught how to weave "tweed" from wool and mohair.

This is part of the "home industries" scheme sponsored by the Colonial Development Corporation. Experts were sent from Scotland to teach the natives how to weave the famous fabric. They took with them various types of hand looms; these were tried out and the most suitable was adapted and standardised for use in remote kraals.

It was impossible for the experts to teach more than a handful of Basutos the new art of "tweed" manufacture because their country is very mountainous and roads are few. So selected Basutos have been thoroughly instructed and then sent out into the highlands to teach others, while fresh groups are prepared for instruction. In this way knowledge of tweed weaving is being spread throughout the country.

Basutoland abounds in sheep and goats whose wool and mohair are of excellent quality. Advance samples of scarves, blankets, rugs and warmers show first-class workmanship, and tourists have come away with a very high opinion of Basuto "tweed."

THE HUT MAN on Getting to Know the Countryside . . .

PLAYING HOST TO THE BIRDS

THE wild creatures are an independent, self-reliant community. It is seldom that we are permitted to help them, to lend a hand in any of the activities which fill their busy workaday lives.

There is one, however, in which we can share, and it is one of the most delightful activities of all—we can help the birds with their nest-building. If we have a garden with trees and birds, or even though there be no trees, we can make and offer "desirable residences" in which the birds will gladly prepare nurseries and rear families.

These nesting-boxes, as they are called, must be correctly made, and securely fixed in suitable positions, for the birds are most particular tenants who will not accept a home unless they approve of it in every respect. But so long as we know how to use a saw and hammer we shall find no difficulty in satisfying their wants.

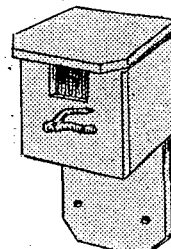
The design of our nesting-boxes can be elaborate or simple according to our fancy, but the size, and especially the size of the doorway, must suit the bird for which it is intended. Some birds, too, accept nesting-boxes more readily than others, so let us first become landlords to two birds which are almost certain to occupy the houses prepared for them.

These two are the Blue-tit and the Starling—birds to be found in every garden even if we live in the town. Let us consider how nesting-boxes for these birds should be made.

TIMBER is scarce nowadays, but bird-houses can be made from small odds and ends of

scrap wood. Any kind of timber will do, but it should not be less than three-quarters of an inch thick. Thin wood is useless as it warps when exposed to the weather, and our nesting-boxes will be up all the year round, year after year.

The most suitable inside measurements of the Blue-tit's house—that is, the space we allow the bird for nest-building—are four inches wide, four inches from back to front, and six inches deep. The doorway measures one and a half inches square, and is cut in the top of the front immediately under the projecting roof.



The Blue-tit's house.

The piece of wood that forms the back projects below the floor of the nesting box and is used for fastening it to the tree or other support. A small piece of branching twig is nailed to the front, under the doorway, and acts as a perch for the birds as they enter or leave the nest.

The inside measurements of the nesting-box for the Starlings are eight and a half inches wide, eight inches high, and twelve inches from back to front. The doorway in this case is at the foot of the front panel and should be cut two and a quarter inches square.

A little projecting piece of wood is nailed above this opening to protect the entrance from rain, and the floor projects beyond the front of the box to form an alighting platform for the tenants.

NEWCOMERS TO SCOTLAND

THE experiment of settling fifty Canadian waterfowl in the island of Mull is being watched with great interest by ornithologists in Scotland.

Not always have such experiments proved successful in the past. A lover of the nightingale once tried to introduce the bird into Caithness by putting a nightingale's eggs into the nests of robins.

The eggs hatched out successfully, and the young nightingales were carefully tended by their foster parents. But when they migrated at the onset of winter the nightingales never returned to the northern county.

Captain Knight, the expert in falconry, had a similar disappointment when he tried to settle American osprey eagles at Loch

Arkaigside, a haunt of ospreys generations ago. When the birds were released they circled the neighbourhood once, as if sizing up the countryside. Then, with one accord, they flew off and never again came near Loch Arkaigside.

Some experiments, however, have been successful. If we walk quietly through the lonely Achanalt Forest, in Ross-shire, we may be fortunate enough to glimpse the delicate form of a Japanese deer standing statueque and wary in a forest glade.

Surprisingly enough, when these animals were introduced many years ago into Ross-shire they seemed to thrive on the bleak winters of that northern clime. Now their descendants are quite at home.

He Charted Unknown Seas

A HUGE monolith of rough granite is to be set up on Schnapper Point, Mornington, in Port Philip Bay, Victoria, Australia, as a memorial to Captain Matthew Flinders, who on April 24, 1802, charted the waters it will overlook. The memorial will be visible to thousands of seamen as they pass the Point daily.

It is to be built by the Historical Society of Victoria from a fund of £600 left by the late Mr F. M. Linley, of Mornington.

The face of the memorial looking out to sea will be set with

a commemorative stone carrying an inscription, and on its sides will be carved representations of the *Investigator*, Flinders' ship.

When Flinders with Midshipman Lacy rowed around off Schnapper Point nearly 150 years ago he thought he was the first to discover the bay. Actually, he had been beaten by Lieut John Murray in the *Lady Nelson* by ten weeks. But Flinders was the first to make a thorough survey of the bay, and one of Melbourne's busiest streets proudly carries his name.

THE ideal woods for nesting-boxes are cedar or larch, which need no preservative to protect them from rain. For other woods a good coating of creosote is far better than paint as it soaks into the grain yet leaves the boxes pleasantly rustic-looking. Birds do not care for brightly-painted dwellings.

If the nesting-boxes are made and fixed in position at the beginning of winter the birds will have become used to them when the spring nesting-season arrives, and the weathering they receive will remove the appearance of newness, which all birds distrust.

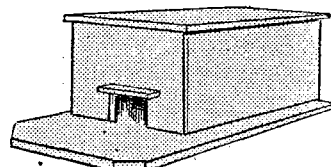
In selecting the sites for our bird-houses we must again study the likes and dislikes of the birds, otherwise each one could bear a permanent To Let notice!

FIRST (and this applies to all our birds) the site selected should be sheltered, and the doorway should face away from the prevailing wind. Second, the nesting-box must be completely rigid, for if there is the slightest suggestion of insecurity the birds will have nothing to do with it.

For the Blue-tit's box, then, let us select the stout trunk of a tree, where it will be partly screened by surrounding foliage, and nail it about six or seven feet from the ground. Two four-inch nails carefully driven in will hold the house securely without undue damage to the tree itself.

Blue-tits also nest in the chinks and crevices of buildings, so if a suitable tree is not available the nesting-box can be fastened to the wall of our home or garden shed, but in a secluded position, under an eave or close to a rainpipe or projecting ledge

THE Starling house is designed to rest on and not against its support, and once again a tree is the best site. Starlings, how-



The Starling's house

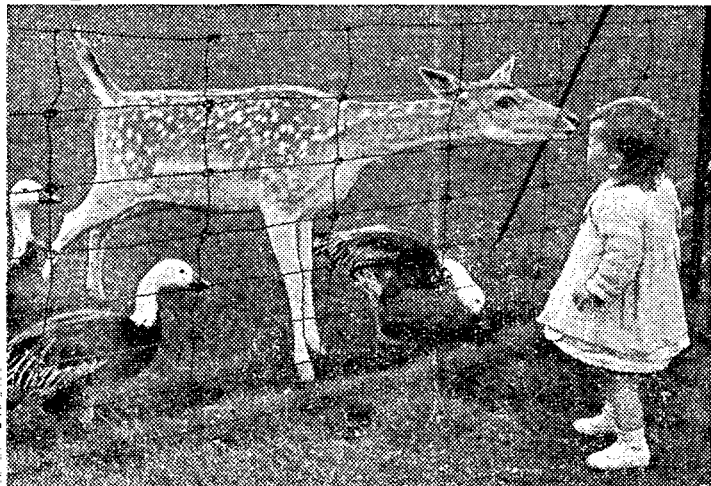
ever, love nesting in high positions (in unused chimney-pots, for example), so their nesting-box should be fixed not less than twelve feet above ground level. It should be nailed securely to the upper side of a stout bough, close up to the trunk, or placed in the angle of a main fork.

And once again, if there is no suitable tree in our garden the box can be fastened to a sheltered wall anything from twelve to thirty feet up.

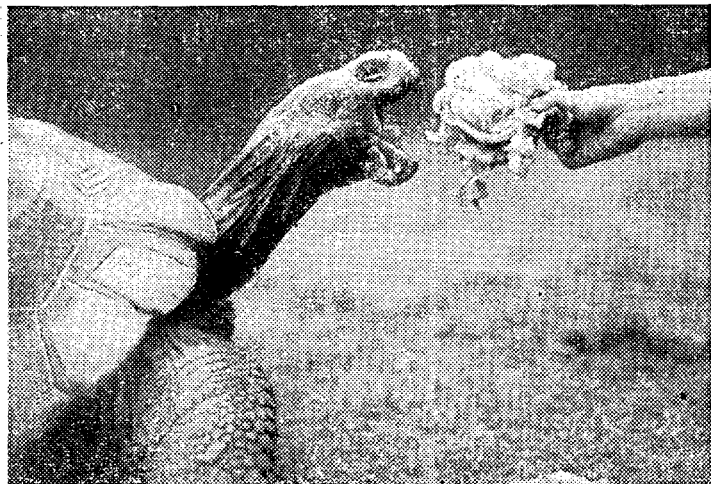
Do not let us stop at one nesting-box for each kind of bird. The delightful plan is to fit them up in every suitable corner of the garden, and also in the surrounding countryside.

As we watch the birds, and become familiar with their nesting habits, we can try our hand at homes for other species—wrens, robins, sparrows, woodpeckers—till we have supplied many feathered families with, as Charles Kingsley says, . . . not nests but houses, Like the bumble-bees and mousies.

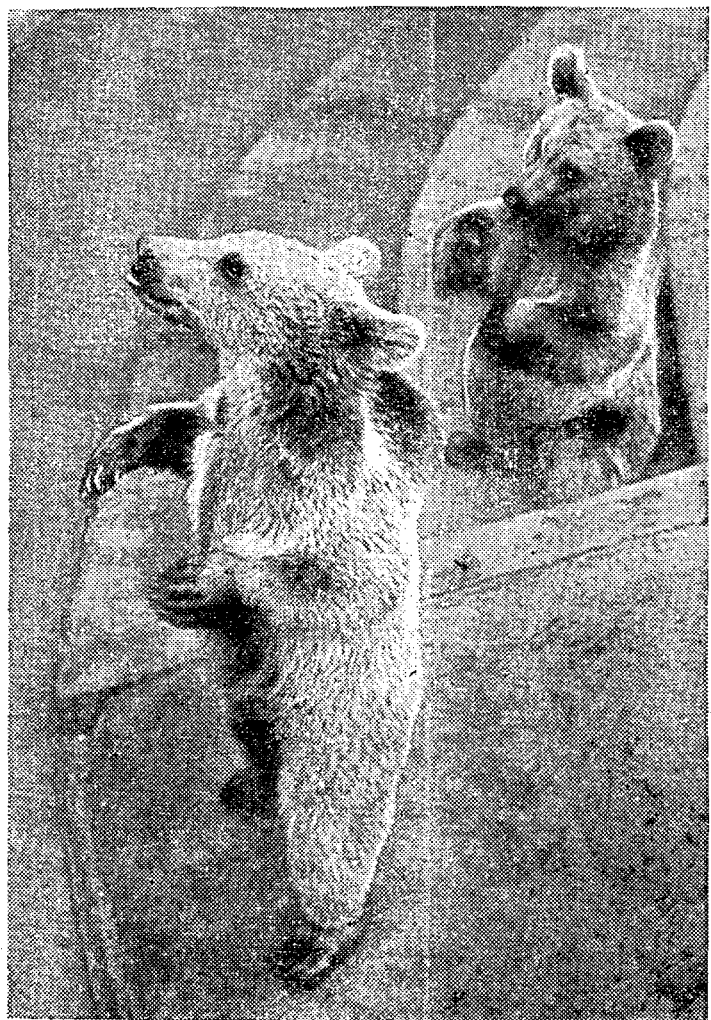
Quite at Home—At London, Whipsnade, Bristol



Greeting—A very young visitor to Whipsnade finds that the deer is not so timid after all



Evergreen—Old Amelia, giant tortoise of London Zoo, has not lived 150 years without finding out what is good



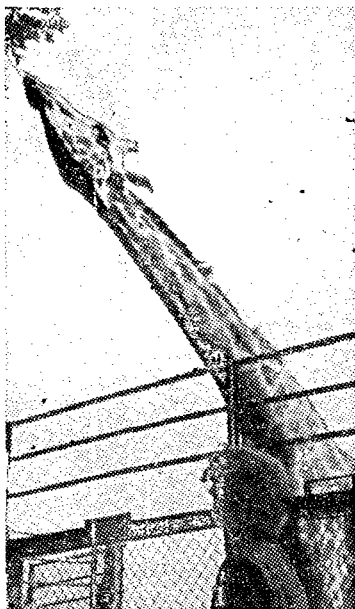
Little Beggars—Jack and Daphne, two young Syrian bears, make a great appeal at Regent's Park



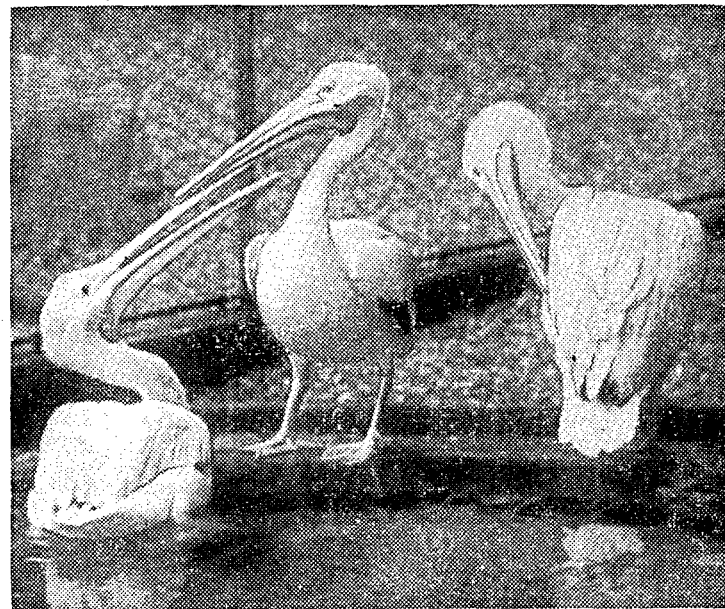
The Beak—An apple a day keeps the vet away from Bulldozer, of Bristol, whose real name is Hyacinthine Macaw



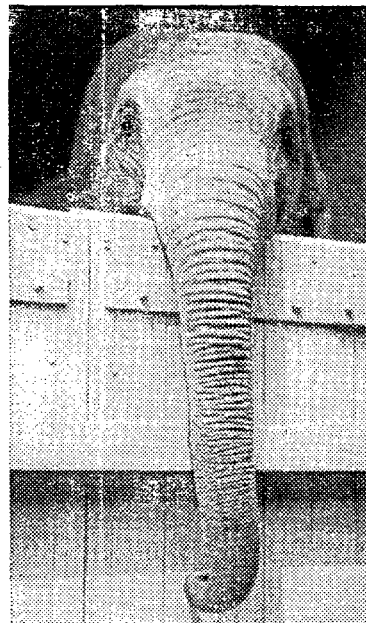
Ballerina—Apt name for London's nilgai calf



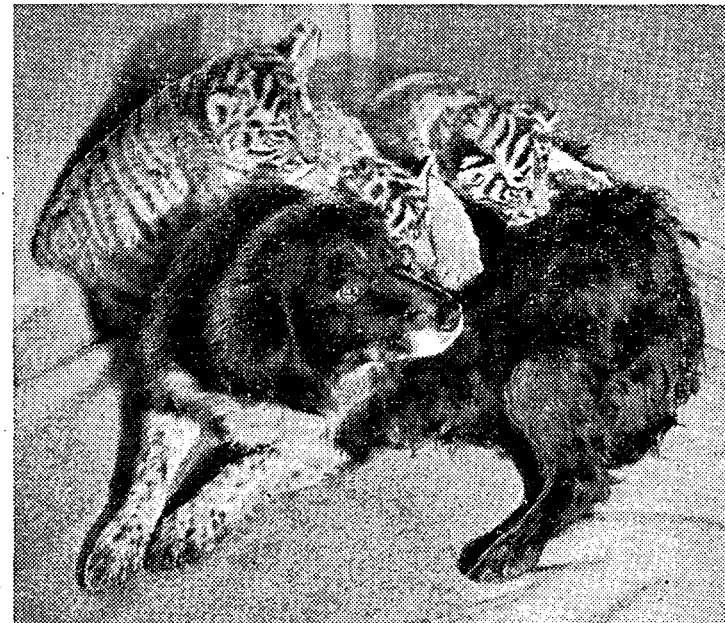
High Tea—Brief snack goes a long way at Whipsnade



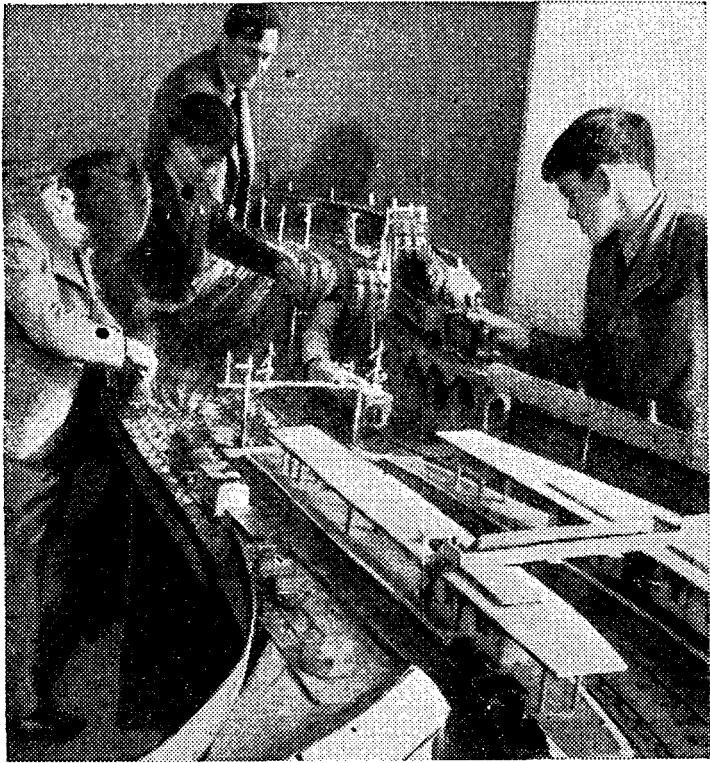
The Gossips—There is quite a lot of small talk around the pelican pool in Regent's Park



Off Duty—Rajah looks out from his London residence



Happy Family—Collie as the patient foster-mother of three lively little tiger cubs at London Zoo



Railway in School

Mr J. B. Keeling, a master at St Bede's School, Eastbourne, is an expert model-railway builder, and in one of the schoolrooms he has built this model railway containing hundreds of feet of track.

COMPTON BROTHERS—AND OTHERS

THERE are probably no better known, nor more deservedly popular, brothers in the calendar of British sport today than the Comptons—Denis, who is battling valiantly on behalf of English cricket in the Antipodes, and Leslie, who at the advanced age of 38 has recently won his first England cap for soccer.

As football team-mates both have shared the honour of winning the FA Cup, and the First Division League Championship. Both have also played for England. They have, of course, gained distinction together on the cricket field.

Small wonder, then, that the honours showered upon the Comptons for outstanding prowess in two branches of sport have been regarded by some as without precedent in the annals of sport. It may well be so, for while many instances can be quoted of brothers excelling in one particular form, there can be few, if any, cases of two brothers reaching the pinnacle of fame in two distinct branches of sport.

Football Partners

The most notable partnerships have, of course, been on the football field, and perhaps the most remarkable was that marvellous pair of full-backs, the brothers A. M. and P. M. Walters of the old-time Carthusians. The two played side by side for England against Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, sharing 22 caps between them. Their greatest Scottish rivals were the famous Queen's Park brothers, J. A. and W. A. Lambie, of whom W. A. played five times against England.

Sir J. C. Clegg and his brother, W. E., great Sheffielders and football legislators, were rivalled in play and honours by the Cursham brothers of Notts County's great amateur days.

But the case of the brothers Goodall, John and Archie, is surely unique. They came of a Kilmarnock family much given

to periodical roaming. Thus it happened that John was born in London, and in due course played repeatedly for England, although speaking with a Scots accent so broad that it could be cut with a knife.

His younger brother Archie, happening to be born in Dublin, played for Ireland throughout his mature years. Yet back they went each time to Derby County, John as captain, on the right wing with the matchless Bloomer, and Archie as centre-half.

In other branches of sport there are other famous examples: cricket has given us the famous Foster brothers of Worcestershire, lawn tennis the Doherty brothers, and golf the brothers Cotton and Whitcombe.

New Planes For the World's Airways

3. The Hermes IV
SINCE the earliest days of commercial flying Handley Page aircraft have pioneered air routes across the world. It is quite fitting, therefore, that the Handley Page airliner, Hermes IV, should be chosen to open the new BOAC service to South Africa.

On its 58-hour flight from London to Johannesburg, the Hermes calls at Tripoli, Kano, Leopoldville, and the recently-opened airport at Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia.

BOAC has ordered a fleet of twenty-five Hermes IVs. Each of the 37-ton airliners carries a

Geography With a Thrill

STUDENTS of M. Jean Gaudillot, a French professor at the University of Paris, are being taught geography from the air. By using a Bristol freighter aircraft as a flying classroom he gives in 55 minutes a lesson which by land-bound methods would normally take three days.

Flying across the Paris area at 2000 feet, 40 students at a time view the physical features of the land below. M. Gaudillot occupies the co-pilot's seat, and, using the aircraft's inter-communication system, explains to his airborne class the effects of river erosion and ancient volcanic eruptions on the countryside.

Features visible from the air include the former bed of the River Marne—it used to join the Seine north of Paris; now it connects to the south.

A Relief Map

According to M. Gaudillot, the altitude of 2000 feet is ideal for the study of a relatively flat country; at this height the Earth stands out like a huge relief map. He has discovered that at higher altitudes visibility is lost, while at a lower height perspective suffers.

Later on the enterprising professor plans to extend his aerial lectures to the Auvergne section of France—an area rich in extinct volcanoes—the Channel coast of France to study marine erosion, and, by arrangement with the Netherlands Government, the Zuider Zee.

For Photographers

THREE Christmas lectures for young people are to be given by experts at the Royal Photographic Society's House, 16 Princes Gate, London, S.W. 17. They begin at 3 p.m. and on December 28 the subject is: Slow-Motion Photography; on December 29, How a Colour Photograph is Made; and on January 1, How to Photograph Buildings.

Admission is free, but by tickets only, which are obtainable at the above address.

crew of five, two stewards, a stewardess, and up to 40 passengers.

Four Bristol Hercules engines, each delivering 2100 h.p., give the aircraft a cruising speed of 285 m.p.h. at 25,000 feet. At this height the passengers travel in smooth and comfortable conditions, above any bad weather at lower altitudes. Wing span of the Hermes is 113 feet, and its overall length 97 feet.

The latest version, the Hermes V, is the largest airliner to be fitted with propeller-turbines. Two of them are now flying for research purposes.



The Editor's Table

HUMAN RIGHTS

SUNDAY December 10 is Human Rights Day, the second anniversary of the approval by the United Nations General Assembly of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The first of its kind in history, this Declaration sets forth in 31 articles the fundamental freedoms and the protection to which every human being has the right, regardless of his or her race, religion, sex or class.

Last year President Truman called for the annual observance of this great day, and at a ceremony in New York our famous actor, Sir Laurence Olivier, read the preamble of the Declaration.

There is to be an Exhibition at Cardiff on December 9 illustrating the History of Wales in terms of human rights—the first exhibition dealing with this subject ever held.

Articles 26 and 27 of this noble charter are of special interest to the world's children, for one lays down that all children shall enjoy the same social protection, and the other that everyone has the right to education.

CHRISTMAS IS NIGH

DECEMBER has come with bright anticipation of Christmas. After the long, dull days of November there is a sparkling light ahead.

*At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.*

Part of the gaiety and goodwill of Christmas lies in the preparation for it. No other season of the year is so longed for, so dreamed about; and no other season makes so many dreams come true.

If Christmas is specially dedicated to the happiness of children it is also a happy time for grown-ups. Now is the time of many private consultations among families and the smuggling of large and crinkly parcels. This is the hour of whispered hints, which on the great day will be transformed into exciting reality.

PEACE IN OUR TIME

WHAT we would all give for peace was well emphasised recently by General Bradley, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"The world democracies," he said, "have only the atom bomb to meet Communist aggression anywhere outside Korea. America would gladly trade the atom bomb for a genuine course of righteousness in the world, and would trade all military power for a century of peace."

A deep longing for a settled world is in the hearts of all people, and the responsibility for the present state of tension and anxiety everywhere rests squarely on the Communist leaders.

Keep This View

ALL who love London hope that a way may be found to preserve a magnificent new view of Westminster Abbey.

Now that the old Westminster Hospital is demolished there is a wide space facing the Abbey, and from the steps of the Central Hall it is today possible to view the full length of the Abbey and to appreciate its grandeur to the full.

How much finer it would be to give the central shrine of our race a spacious green setting instead of confining it within blocks of brick and steel.

PRINCE'S PONY



Cloudy, a jet black Shetland pony, is here seen at Dodington Manor, Gloucestershire, before she left for Windsor Castle, where she will be the first mount of Prince Charles. With Cloudy is Mrs Seymour Williams, who gave the pony to the Prince.

EACH TO HIS TASK

By different methods different men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?

Charles Churchill

JUST AN IDEA

As Dr Johnson wrote: *That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments.*

Under the Ed



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If the taxi-driver
who got a tip was
upset

SOME shopkeepers find it difficult to make eggs go round. Fortunately most shoppers prefer them oval.

THERE is no sign of long hair coming back, says a lady fashion writer. Short hair will always please a tidy few.

A CLAIM is put forward that the modern kitchen is too small. There is a lot in it.

HOW to Save Money in Shops, is the title of an article. Stay outside.

SCIEN
dow
have can

THINGS SAID

WE have reason for great pride in the British contribution to human advancement—in science and the arts, in Parliamentary and local government, in the raising of living standards, in the things of the mind and spirit.

Lord Ismay

I BELIEVE in Empire unity, not as a form of alliance, but as a family acceptance of Empire unity. *The Australian Resident Minister in London*

IT doesn't matter two hoots whether a woman wears a hat in church or not.

Archbishop of Canterbury

IN the USA a pedestrian is a motorist who has accidentally found a place to park his car.

Film-actor Charles Boyer

DUTY FIRST

DEVOTION to duty was shown recently by an Air Ministry police sergeant, Isaiah Locker, aged 56, when he was injured in a tram accident. He was carrying an important confidential document, and, although his face was very badly cut, refused treatment until he had delivered it.

He hurried away to Air Ministry Headquarters and landed over the envelope, lacerated with his blood. Afterwards he had to remain at Charing Cross Hospital for an X-ray.

Radar on the Roads

GOOD news for road safety crusaders comes from the road research laboratories of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research near Cambridge, where a radar device for checking a vehicle's speed is being tested.

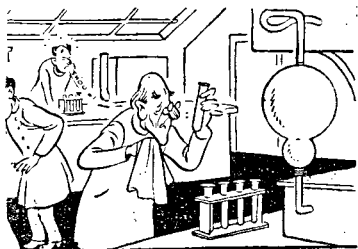
This device is in a box on the roof of a stationary van and it shows on a dial inside the van the speed of a passing vehicle. If it comes into general use, drivers will have to pay serious heed to 30-mile-an-hour limit signs.

Motor's Table

ANY people waiting for a telephone installation will have to go on waiting. They would rather go on the telephone.

THE modern girl can have a very distant manner. Believes that a miss is as good as a mile.

THERE is no good reason why people should feed by the clock. Unless the dining-room table happens to be there.



WISTERS are still trying to track the common cold. Many of them get it.

Cleaning up the Rivers

LOVERS of our rivers will welcome the recently-published Bill designed to prevent their pollution.

The gentle English river has a beauty of its own; with reeds waving lazily in its current, and with forget-me-nots, and such quaintly named flowers as herb-twopence, creeping jenny, butterbur, and comfrey adorning its banks.

Yet in the industrial age all kinds of polluting waste have been poured into our rivers, killing the fish, defiling the quiet water where we love to linger, as Matthew Arnold wrote,

*Moored to the cool bank in the summer heats,
Mid wide grass meadows which
the sunshine fills.*

The new Bill to protect these inland waters of England and Wales, is long overdue. It will repeal an Act of 1876 and will give river boards more powers to keep the rivers clean.

All Tidy For the Festival

THE Princess Royal recently appealed for the proper disposal of litter as one of the best means of making Britain look her best for next year's Festival.

"The paint pot can do much," she said, "and bright and cheerful gardens can do much, but in the proper disposal of litter every man, woman, and child can share in the beautifying of this country. I feel sure you agree that no building, be it medieval, Georgian, or of the date of that great exhibition of 1851, can look at its best and most attractive to visitors if surrounded by broken glass and litter of all sorts."

THE FINAL CONQUEST

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:

Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds!

All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley

Living For Others

HE who lives for others shall have great troubles, but they shall seem to him small. He who lives for himself shall have small troubles, but they shall seem to him great. *W. R. Inge*

IN HIS LIKENESS

THE heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Robert Burns



Coconut Launching

At the launching of the Indian ship *Jalajendra* on the Clyde the naming ceremony was carried out with a coconut instead of the usual bottle of champagne.

BRITISH TEMPLE TO A SUN-GOD

REMAINS of a temple to Mithras, the Persian sun-god, have been found west of a fort near Hexham, in Northumberland. Mithraism was the religion of many Roman soldiers, but this is only the second Temple to Mithras to be identified in this country—one has been found at Burham in Kent—and the first of which the archaeologists are able to give a complete account.

The Northumbrian building measures 40 feet by 19 feet, and still has stone walls five feet high, and remains of the original plaited wattles and wooden roof.

There are also altars and statues still in position, and a carving of Mithras in bas relief has a halo pierced so that the rays of light from the rear shine through.

The excavation has been carried out by the Durham University Archaeological Club, but the building will be taken over by the Ministry of Works and possibly shown to the public next year.

Well-Known Artist

ONE of the new Christmas cards bears a colour reproduction of a mountain in Provence.

The artist is Winston Spencer Churchill, and the picture, *La Montagne de Sainte-Victoire*, was hung in the Royal Academy this year. A striking feature is the contrast of the deep blue sky and the soft greens of the wooded slopes. There is a little red-roofed house in the foreground.

Big supplies of Mr Churchill's card have gone to shops in all parts of the country, and heavy demands have also come from as far as Pakistan and New Zealand, Italy, and Finland.

FAMILY TREE

FOUR centuries ago an ancestor of Lord Tarbat planted a Spanish chestnut tree in the grounds of Castle Leod, in the counties of Ross and Cromarty.

In so doing he began a family custom, and John Ruairidh Mackenzie, two-year-old son of the present Lord Tarbat, has just planted his little tree.

In the vicinity stands the 110-foot-high Spanish chestnut planted in 1550.

Thunderstorm Inspired This Scientist

JUST 100 years ago, on December 4, 1850, died a self-taught scientist, William Sturgeon, whose experiments in the mysterious field of electricity led him to inventions which have helped man to control and use that superb source of power.

William Sturgeon was born at Whittington, in Lancashire, on May 22, 1783, son of the village shoemaker. His father was an idle rascal and he apprenticed William at 13 to a fellow craftsman at Old Hutton, who treated the lad very badly. At 19, seeing no prospects in his trade, William became a militiaman. Two years later he joined the Royal Artillery as a private and remained in this regiment without any advancement in rank until his discharge in 1820 with a pension of a shilling a day.

During his Army service he was stationed at Newfoundland and there he saw a terrific thunderstorm which set him thinking about the causes of lightning flashes. He borrowed and read books on what little was then known about natural science, and also studied mathematics. He went on to make simple apparatus of his own.

Experiments With Kites

Like Benjamin Franklin, he used kites to collect atmospheric electricity during thunderstorms, and he amused cadets at the Military Academy at Woolwich with his experiments.

For a few years after leaving the Army he took up shoemaking again but continued his studies, and spent long hours in trying to improve the simple apparatus devised by electrical pioneers like Ampère. He also contributed articles on thermo-electricity to the London Philosophical Maga-

zine. In 1824 Peter Barlow, the brilliant scientist at the Military Academy, secured for Sturgeon a post of lecturer at the East India Company's Academy at Addiscombe, Croydon. It was here that, a year later, Sturgeon invented the first electro-magnet. This consisted of a bar of iron, half an inch square and 12 inches long, bent in the form of a horse-shoe. Round it were 18 turns of copper wire to carry the current.

For this invention, ancestor of the modern dynamo, Sturgeon was awarded a silver medal by the Royal Society of Arts and given a prize of 30 guineas.

Skill and Vision

In fact, Sturgeon was among the first to realise that the electro-magnet would make possible the motor. He was a scientist with practical skill and vision. In the year following Faraday's discoveries in magneto-electric induction, Sturgeon built the first rotary engine to be driven by electric current.

Again, when showing how light could be produced by a galvanic battery of 100 jars, Sturgeon told an audience in 1849 that he quite anticipated that the electric light would supersede gas for public purposes.

Yet, like so many other pioneers, Sturgeon was unable to earn a living either as an inventor or as a writer and teacher. Enthusiast to the end, William Sturgeon died in poverty at Prestwich, near Manchester.

FRENCHMAN'S HOUSE IN NOTTINGHAM

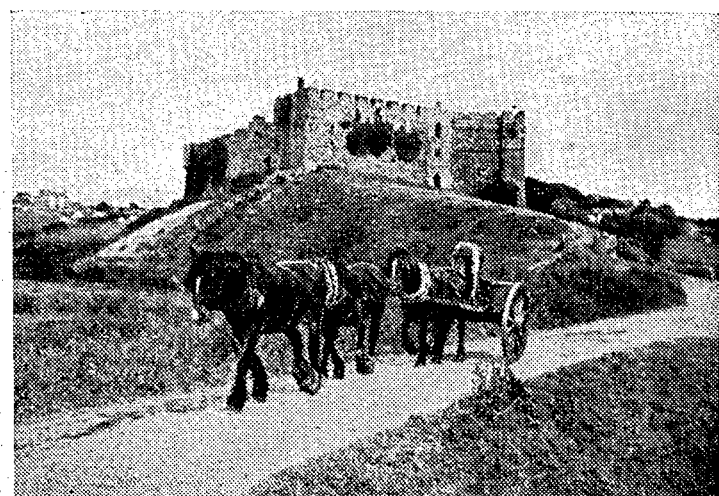
AN appeal is being made for funds to repair Newdigate House, Nottingham, where Marshal Tallard, the French commander, was brought after his defeat by the Duke of Marlborough in the Battle of Blenheim in 1704. The front of the house is in danger of decay, and the money is required to assist in the work of restoration.

It was a curious chance of history that detained Marshal Tallard, used to the splendour of the French court, in an English provincial town for some years after the Battle of Blenheim.

Few restrictions appear to have been placed on his movements and he became a familiar figure in the district.

He is said to have written a book on French cooking for Nottingham housewives and taught them to bake French rolls. It was while searching for pot herbs that he is supposed to have discovered celery growing wild in ditches and introduced it as a table delicacy.

Marshal Tallard's association with Nottingham is commemorated by a mural tablet on Newdigate House.



OUR HOMELAND

The ruins of Manorbier Castle, Pembrokeshire

Himalayan Home For Children

A CHILDREN'S village which lies within sight of snow-clad Himalayan mountains has quietly celebrated its Jubilee. It is Dr Graham's Homes, founded in 1900 at Kalimpong by the "Barnardo of India" for destitute Anglo-Indian children.

Towards the end of the last century Dr J. A. Graham, then a missionary of the Church of Scotland, was distressed to see children of European descent—unwanted waifs—running wild in the towns and villages of India. He resolved to try to rescue them, and built cottages at Kalimpong.

Up the Mountain

Soon hill ponies with tinkling bells were climbing the steep road from the tiger-haunted Teesta valley carrying the rescued little boys and girls to live in this lovely place; and carrying, too, stout-hearted ladies from Scotland to mother them.

Today there is room for 600 children in the cluster of spacious white and yellow cottages on the green mountainside of Kalimpong; but at present there are about 480 there, for some of the cottages, unhappily, have had to be closed owing to lack of funds.

Thousands of children in desperate need have found a home at Kalimpong; they have come from the incredible slums in the cities of the plains, from places as remote as Tibet, from neighbouring tea estates. The aim of Dr Graham's Homes—and it has been well fulfilled—is to give them a real Christian home life, and then to send them out equipped to live useful lives.

The address of the Organising Secretary in London is: 196 Temple Chambers, E C 4.

ANCIENT DOG

AMONG recent discoveries of the American School of Classical Studies excavating the agora (meeting place) at Athens was the carefully-made burial pit of a pet dog. Placed beside the body were a beef bone and a miniature oil flask of the fourth century B C.

Steps to Sporting Fame



Unknown in 1947, a world champion in 1950, Fred Williams, 24-year-old speedway rider from Port Talbot, South Wales, has taken quick steps to sporting fame.



Fred started to ride on grass tracks while working as an apprentice engine fitter. In 1946, he answered an advertisement asking for speedway recruits and caught the attention of the Wembley manager, Alec Jackson.



An ankle injury delayed his start, but in 1947 he made sufficient impression to open the following season as first reserve. Then he became a "regular," rode for England in 1949, and this year won the world championship.

Fred Williams



With Fred at Wembley is his brother Eric, who has also ridden for Cradley Heath. Both owe much to their father, always a keen motor cyclist, who bought them their first machines. A third brother, Ian, shows promise.

The Mistake in Kidnapped

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was a confessed romancer, but his treatment of historical material was particularly conscientious. Like most of us, however, he could make mistakes.

In the last sentence of *Kidnapped* David Balfour describes how "The hand of Providence brought me in my drifting to the very doors of the British Linen Company's bank." David was about to draw some of his newly-gained fortune.

Then, in the opening sentence of *Catriona*, the sequel to *Kidnapped*, David on the 25th day of August, 1751, about two in the afternoon, "steps forth through the doors of the same bank with a porter behind him carrying a bag of gold."

But in the new *History of the British Linen Bank*, by Mr Charles A. Malcolm, it is pointed out that Stevenson was inaccurate, for in 1751 the British Linen Company had not yet started a general banking business; in fact, the firm's general banking career did not begin until the 1760s.

BUSH HOSPITAL

AT Broken Hill, in Northern Rhodesia, one of the finest hospitals in Africa is nearing completion.

Before building began just over two years ago, a hundred acres of bush had to be cleared, while 25,000 tons of earth were removed by 300 labourers to level the site.

Into the construction will go 84,000 cubic feet of timber, 3000 cubic yards of concrete, and 19,000 square feet of glass. A European mason will have cut and finished 1600 pieces of stone, and an Italian craftsman will have made and fitted thousands of granite chippings into a mosaic floor.

Europeans, Africans, and Asiatics will use the new hospital, which contains a quarter of a mile of corridors. Water comes from boreholes which supply 20,000 gallons daily.

The gardens which surround the hospital have been laid out by an English landscape gardener.

THE LADY WHO KEPT A SECRET FOR 50 YEARS

LADY ANNE LINDSAY, author of the celebrated Scottish ballad *Auld Robin Gray*, was born at Balcarras, Fifeshire, on December 8, just 200 years ago. She was the eldest child of James, Earl of Balcarras.

Lady Anne lived in Edinburgh for a number of years and then came to London; and in both capitals she delighted in the company of the distinguished literary lights of the day—shining lights such as Joseph Hume and Doctor Johnson.

In 1793 she married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who was appointed colonial secretary to Lord Macartney at the Cape of Good Hope. He died in South Africa in 1807, and Lady Anne returned to England and once again set up home in London, this time with her sister Margaret, who was also a widow. Their house in Berkeley Square became a literary centre, and Lady Anne herself spent much time in writing family memoirs as well as keeping up a lively correspondence after the fashion of the times.

But Lady Anne would be practically forgotten today but for the

matchless ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*. She wrote it when she was 21, and she concealed its authorship from everyone except members of her own family. This sad tale of true love thwarted quickly attained wide popularity and many guesses were made concerning its origin.

Lady Anne kept her secret for more than half-a-century. Then, two years before her death, she told the whole story to Sir Walter Scott.

Lady Anne's Story

In *The Pirate*, which appeared in 1823, Scott likened the condition of Minna to that of Jeanie Gray, "the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad," and quoted the second verse of the continuation. As a result, Lady Anne wrote, confiding its history to him, and this is what she wrote:

Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771 . . .

There was an English-Scottish melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone,

who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life.

While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister (Elizabeth), now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing. Help me to one."

"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and amongst our neighbours Auld Robin Gray was always called for. I was pleased in secret; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

KIDNAPPED—R. L. Stevenson's Great Romance of Jacobite Scotland (3)

David Balfour, the young orphan who suspected that he, and not his miserly Uncle Ebenezer, was the rightful

heir to the family mansion of the Shaws, had been kidnapped aboard the brig *Covenant* by Captain Hoseason,

who was in Ebenezer's pay. The *Covenant* was bound for Carolina where David was to be sold as a slave.



When David regained his senses he was lying bound, in the hold, and the ship was at sea. Riach, the Mate, came down with the Captain and persuaded him to cut David's bonds and have him taken to the fore-castle. There the rough sailors were kind to him. But the First Mate, Shuan, was frequently drunk, and in that state savagely ill-treated the ship's boy, Ransome. One day he killed the boy.



Hoseason ordered David to take the boy's place as servant in the round-house on deck, where the officers lived. The Captain called Shuan a sot and a murderer, then told Riach they must say, when they returned to Scotland, that Ransome fell overboard. Terrified by his crime, Shuan did not ill-use David. Meanwhile, the brig had been driven by contrary winds round to the west coast of Scotland.



In a fog the brig ran down a small boat, one of whose occupants saved himself by clinging to the *Covenant's* bowsprit. He was a small agile man, finely dressed like a French officer, but with a Scottish accent. He introduced himself as Alan Breck. He owned that he was a Jacobite who had fought in the 1745 Rebellion. Now a hunted rebel, he had been on his way to France with money for his Chief.



He threw some guineas on the table, offering Hoseason a good reward to set him ashore in Scotland. Hoseason agreed, and eyed the outlaw's money belt greedily, then went out leaving David to give the other a meal. The stranger asked David to fetch him some drink, and David went out on deck for the locker key. He overheard Hoseason and the mates plotting to rob and murder the Jacobite.

Will David warn Alan Breck, the dashing rebel, of his danger? See next week's instalment



The Silver Gentleman

by GEOFFREY TREASE

3. The Code Said "Rufus"

"BOAT, sir?" said the one-eyed waterman.

"I said, No, thank you," Martin retorted impatiently, but the man persisted, plucking him by the sleeve.

"Beg pardon, Master Sherwood, sir..." His voice sank to a husky whisper, the wheedling tone gone.

Martin swung round. "How do you know my name?"

"Him as sent me, sir."

"Sent you?" Martin was now completely mystified.

The whispering voice rustled like dry leaves in his ear. "Calls himself the Silver Gentleman."

"The Silver—"

"Hush, sir! He wants to see ye. Told me to look out for ye, here on the riverside."

MARTIN was alert by now. His two previous encounters with the mysterious Silver Gentleman had been occasions of great danger. He looked guardedly at the ragged waterman.

"I should not know where to find him..."

"I'm to take ye, sir." A dirty hand indicated the boat, bobbing on the grey Thames below the landing-steps.

"How do I know I can trust you?" Martin still hesitated. Twice the Silver Gentleman had stepped in to thwart the schemes of Queen Elizabeth's enemies. Those enemies must now be his, too. Suppose this was a trap?

"He said to remind ye of the nine horses in Connemara—the fine grey he rode, and the eight others."

"Very well." The mention of their Irish adventure convinced Martin. He stepped into the boat, and the man pushed off, heading down river to where the great town-houses of the nobility lined the waterfront along the Strand.

THE boat grated against the bottom step of a narrow flight which vanished steeply upwards into the shadows.

"Up ye go, sir," said the waterman, steadying the boat. "Ye can't go wrong, and he'll be with ye in no time. Make yourself at home, he said."

Martin jumped out and ran up the steps. Round the bend at the top he found a small door, which swung back at a push, to reveal a staircase winding up into the gloom within.

A sword would have been useless in so narrow a space. He drew his dagger and climbed warily. He had counted forty-six stairs—lighted by occasional slit-like windows but unbroken by doors or landings—when he arrived at another small door. This time it did not swing back

at his push, but quivered slightly, then, as he guessed the trick of it, slid sideways on well-oiled runners.

He found himself in a little square room, walled with painted panels and containing one fine window, with a view of London Bridge. At a faint click behind him he swung round and saw that even the doorway by which he had entered could no longer be detected among the other panels.

Food and drink stood on a table, and several beautifully-bound volumes—More's *Utopia*, Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, a book of voyages and explorations. Martin made himself at home, as invited, and was startled when once more the whining voice of the boatman addressed him from behind. Springing up he found himself face to face with the Silver Gentleman.

THIS time he was as Martin had seen him first, in that midnight scuffle in the Strand—an elegant figure in silver-grey satin doublet and hose, with a short cloak stitched with hundreds of seed-pearls, and gleaming buckles on his shoes. He carried a bunch of flowers, in which he buried his delicate nose from time to time.

"Pah! How they smell, some of my disguises," he said with a laugh. "Unfortunately, I cannot walk the London streets in my own likeness."

"Why not?" Martin exclaimed.

"Because my head would roll on Tower Hill, if I did. The Queen—God bless her!—does not know her own best friends. We had a misunderstanding, she and I, some years ago, I was banished the kingdom." He laughed again. "I'm supposed to be living in Italy. I prefer England. Some day, when I've convinced her that I am no traitor, I shall enjoy my own again. Till then, I serve her as best I can."

"What is your real name?"

"You must never ask that." He took another sniff at the flowers, then tossed them aside. "I have helped you before, Martin Sherwood—now you must help me," he went on in a brisker tone. "You are at Court—where I dare not show myself, for there are some there who know me too well, and would pierce my disguise. This paper has come into my hands."

He passed a thin, stained slip to the young man. It bore only a few words:

43 is for instant action. 5 must be removed. If 17's man can be trusted he should be got ready.

Martin stared. "Do you know the code, sir?"

"I have my suspicions about the identity of 43. I have no

idea who 17 is—or his man, except that he probably is a hired assassin."

"And Number 5?"

"I am very much afraid—the Queen herself!"

As Martin took his leave of the Silver Gentleman his mind was heavy with a great responsibility, nothing less than the safety of Elizabeth.

"Keep your eyes open," begged his mysterious friend. "Try to identify the traitors who are working from inside the Court. If you find out anything, send me word at once."

"But how? Where? I don't think I could find your landing-steps again."

"You were not meant to." For a moment the Silver Gentleman's serious tone gave place to his old teasing laugh. "The fewer people who know their way here the better. Not that I doubt your honour, Martin—but our enemies have cruel ways to make men talk. No—if you have a message for me, leave it with the landlord of the *Rising Sun*, off the Strand. You can trust him."

With that, he had slid aside another panel and beckoned Martin after him. They went down a short passage, emerged for a few moments along the leaded gutter of a high roof, dropped through an attic window, and then began what seemed like an endless descent of stairs. At last, in a cold cellar full of barrels and lit by a ghostly grey light high above them, the Silver Gentleman paused.

"Up those other steps," he said softly. "Good luck!" And he merged into the shadows whence they had come. Martin climbed the other stairs, found himself in a tavern full of noisy boatmen, and passed through them, unnoticed, to the street. Looking back he saw, swinging overhead, the sign of the *Rising Sun*.

A WEEK passed. The Court moved to Windsor, and Martin went with it, watchful for any sign of danger to the Queen. And on the eighth day came a sign. In a basket of apples, which a servant had set down for a moment, he noticed one apple neatly slit down the middle. He broke the fruit apart—and inside was a folded slip of paper. He read the juice-stained words:

All is ready. 17 will place his man at Roderick's and it will be Rufus again.

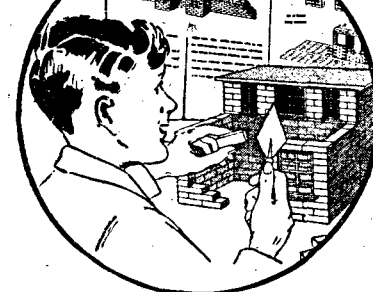
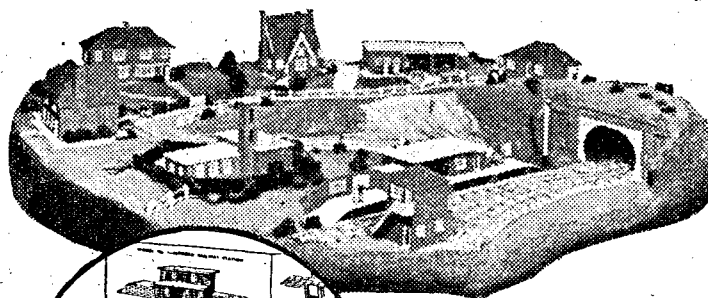
What did it mean? Who was Rufus? Perhaps the Silver Gentleman could unravel it. He could only send a letter, by a trusted messenger, to the landlord of the *Rising Sun*, and pray that it would be in time.

He could not sleep that night. "All is ready..." The danger must now be close. Dare he leave, everything to the Silver Gentleman? Suppose he went straight to the Queen with the message? Though he could not decode it for her, she would take precautions.

Or would she laugh at him? Or would the hidden traitors at her side take even swifter action, knowing their secret was suspected?

He must take that chance, he decided, and, rising early, he made straight for the Queen's apartment. Judith Massingham,

Continued on page 10



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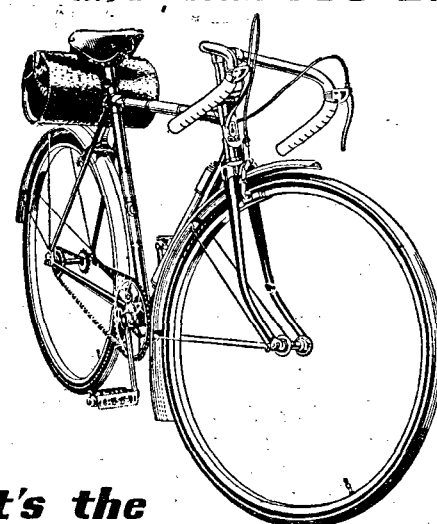
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The Silver Gentleman

Continued from page 9

the young Maid of Honour, greeted him with a smile.

"Judith," he demanded, "have you heard of a man named Rufus? Or Roderick? Roderick might be an innkeeper."

She knitted her brows. "Roderick? There was an old forester once of that name—he died ages ago, but there's a tree in the Great Park called after him, Roderick's Oak. That's the way the Queen's gone hunting this morning."

"What? The Queen's up and out already?"

"Why not?"

He did not stay to answer, but ran down the passage like a madman. There was not a moment to lose. Perhaps he was already too late.

Roderick's Oak ... "It will be Rufus again" ... of course! Rufus—the king who had died from an arrow while hunting! The plan was crystal clear.

A groom was walking a nobleman's horse up and down before the gateway. He cried out in horrified amazement as Martin pushed him sideways, snatched the reins, and swung himself up. Before he could call for help the young man was thundering towards the Great Park.

THE Queen, too, thought Martin mad when he galloped up, his horse lathered, not a quarter of a mile from Roderick's Oak. "What do you mean by this?" she stormed, ignoring his panted explanation. "You have ruined our hunt—"

"Forgive me, madam," he stammered breathlessly. "Lend me your bow, and I'll prove what I say."

She hesitated, then thrust bow and arrow into his hand. He wheeled, and urged his panting horse towards the great oak. The Queen and her escort followed more slowly, keeping well in rear.

What if he had guessed wrongly? How would he ever justify his behaviour? The oak loomed before him, a mountain of green. He must go no nearer, or the Queen herself would come into range. But what chance to see 17's man, hidden among the branches—let alone hit him?

He must trick the man into showing himself. Suddenly he reined in his horse, notched an arrow on the string, and bent the bow. "There he is!" he shouted.

The bow twanged. The shaft sang through the air and crashed harmlessly into the leafage. Then, with a thud, a figure dropped from the lower branches, picked himself up, and ran to hiding in the forest.

MARTIN rode back to the Queen a few moments later and handed her two bows—her own and another he had picked up from the grass beneath the tree.

"I thought you mad, Master Sherwood," she said grimly, "but I think your kind of madness may be good for the health—for mine, at least, if not your own!"

In next week's adventure another code comes into Martin's hand which entails a visit to France to interview a French "magician."



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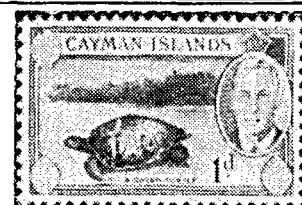
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IN the year 1271 seventeen-year-old Marco Polo left his native Venice and accompanied his father and uncle on a journey to China.

They crossed Persia and many parts of Asia then unknown to Europeans and eventually reached the summer palace of the great Kublai Khan. Marco Polo was sent on several diplomatic missions for the Emperor, and not until he was 41 did he return to Venice. Three years later, while in prison, he dictated the book of his travels, with its invaluable glimpses of life in medieval times.

Maurice Collis, who knows the Far East so well, here retells Marco Polo's story in his own fascinating prose—not specially for children, but in a way that can be enjoyed by young and old alike.

Somewhere in Sylvania

There's No Escape, by Ian Ser-raillier (Jonathan Cape, 9s).

PETER HOWARTH of the Meteorological Office is given the formidable task of finding the world-renowned Dr Helpmann, a radar scientist who is missing somewhere in Sylvania, a mountainous little country in the hands of the Yugo-Latians, or "Yugs." He finds himself in many tight corners before he finds the radar expert, and plenty more follow, as the two men try to get out of the country. Decidedly an after-homework book!

C N Bookshelf

In Saxon England

Hernshaw Castle, by Philip Woodruff (Jonathan Cape, 9s).

THIS is a tale of the days of King Arthur, with a Saxon boy and girl as hero and heroine. "Not a word of this is history," writes the author, who knows his history; but it is a rattling yarn, finely written, to read on a winter's night.

Fishing Trip

Sea Boots, by Robert C. du Soe (John Murray, 6s).

YOUNG Pedro stows away on the clipper *White Star*, and his experiences give the reader a vivid glimpse of the hardships and hazards of deep-sea fishing off Lower California.

Cornish Adventure

The Flying Fish Adventure, by Malcolm Saville (John Murray, 6s).

LOVERS of Malcolm Saville's yarns will be anxious to get hold of this latest one. It is about the two children they have met before, Michael and Mary. This time they run into mystery and adventure on the wild Cornish coast.

Holiday Afloat

Thunder Reef, by Adrian Seligman (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s 6d).

YOUNG salts who like to do their sailing in the depths of an armchair could have no better skipper at the helm than this famous author. A holiday for Mona, Paul, and Sebastian on the Breton coast becomes an adventure in which a gang of smugglers is thwarted.

Island Holiday

The Islanders, by Roland Pertwee (Oxford University Press, 8s 6d).

THIS is a famous playwright's first book for boys. Three lads are given the freedom of 500 acres and a mile of river in the West Country. With headquarters on an island they fish and shoot for food, and generally fend for themselves. Their adventures will be a sheer delight to any boy who loves the outdoor life.

Mystery at the Seaside

Thanks to Miss Winter, by Kathleen Mackenzie (Collins, 8s 6d).

FOUR young people who go to stay at a seaside boarding house while their parents are abroad, find the beginning of their holiday unpromising—the landlady is unfriendly and the other guests are dull. Then they save Miss Winter, who is cut off by the tide, and with their new friend they become involved in a strange adventure concerning a film star, a diamond necklace, a foreign criminal, and a lost dog.

Behind the Iron Curtain

Gimlet Bore In, by Captain W. E. Johns (Brockhampton, 6s).

THE author's name is sufficient guarantee that this Gimlet does not bore! Captain Lorrington King, DSO, MC, ex-Commando, successfully leads a hazardous mission to the Balkans, but in the end it is the famous Biggles who flies to the rescue.

On the South Downs

Sussex Adventure, by Peter Lethbridge (Museum Press, 6s).

THE Lethbridge family, whose holidays turn out to be such exciting affairs, have come south, and a strange adventure begins when they find that a mysterious aircraft is signalling at night to a deserted and "haunted" windmill on the Downs.

Recommended Books

THE Story of English Architecture, by Hugh Braun (Faber & Faber, 12s 6d).

Leather Animals, by Joan Aldridge—Make It Yourself Series (The Studio Ltd, 3s).

Going to a Concert, by Lionel Salter—Excursions Series (Phoenix House, 7s 6d).

Learn to Draw, by A. Gladstone Jackson (Right-Way Books, 6s).

Collins Film Book, edited by Eric Gillett (Collins, 5s).

Why and What—Wonder Book Series (Ward, Lock, 12s 6d).

Adventure and Discovery—5 (Jonathan Cape, 12s 6d).

For Younger Readers

THE Cobbler's Shop, by Allison Uttley (Faber & Faber, 7s 6d).

The Story of Widgery Winks, by Rodney Bennett (University of London Press, 6s).

Lucy's League, by Amelia Gay (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s 6d).

Crazy Costumes, by Walter Trier (Atrium Press, 5s).

The Secret Seven Adventure, by Enid Blyton (Brockhampton, 5s).

Tuffy the Teddy, by Lydia S. Elliott (Lutterworth Press, 5s).

Animals from Everywhere, by Clifford Webb (Warne, 7s 6d).

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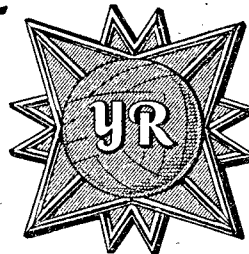
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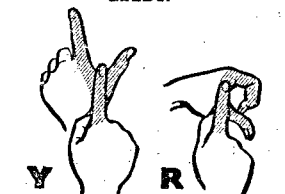
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REMEMBER — ALWAYS GIVE THE Y.R. SIGN, it means you're a keen footballer.

THE BRAN TUB

Up to Date

HE was interested in art, and asked the youthful librarian if he could suggest where to look for information concerning Giotto's *Flight into Egypt*.

"You can find out all about aviation in Room 15," was the prompt reply.

Schiller's Puzzle

Can you guess what the poet Schiller was describing in this verse?

A BRIDGE weaves its arch with pearls
High over the tranquil sea.
In a moment it unfurls
Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship, with swelling sail,
May pass beneath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, tis too frail,
And when you approach it flees.
With the rain it comes, with the rain it goes,
And what it's made of nobody knows.

Answer next week

Earthquake Pill

I REMEMBER, when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which, as he told country people, were very good against an earthquake. Addison

BEDTIME CORNER

Red, Blue, and Gold

"WHAT's that you are knitting, Mary?" asked Peter.

"Oh, just something," replied his sister casually.

"Pretty gay," commented Peter. "Red, blue, and gold. Looks like a football jersey."

"I think they are lovely colours," retorted Mary, pretending to get angry.

Peter thought no more about the knitting, for he was busy helping Mummie and Daddie to pack. They were moving in a few days and there was much work to be done.

When they had finally settled in their new house Peter began to think of his new school, St Cuthbert's. He was not looking forward



Jacko had caught a slight chill, so a tonic was the order of the day.

Farmer Gray Explains

Rare Polecats. In the Big-woods, Don caught a glimpse of an animal covered with coarse, dark brown fur. It bounded over the path in a snake-like manner, vanishing into the undergrowth.

"It was like a big, dark ferret," Don told Farmer Gray.

"Probably a polecat," replied the farmer. "Polecats belong to the weasel tribe. A full-grown male measures about two feet, including the bushy tail, which is about seven inches long; females are several inches shorter. Savage hunters, polecats kill many rabbits, rats, and mice. They are very shy and rarely seen."



He thought, however, that the fishes needed a tonic more than he did.

Hard Tack

AN eccentric old man from the States
Would bite lumps from saucers and plates.
He said, "Nothing's finer
To chew than chipped china,
Unless it's the stones found in
'dates.'"

Hazy

It was a very foggy day, and when the chief answered the phone he recognised the voice of one of his clerks.

"I am sorry, sir, but I shall be unable to come to the office to-day," said the voice. "The fact is, the fog is so bad that I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

Countryside Flowers

THE handsome, reddish-purple flowers of the Black Knapweed are a common sight in meadows and pastures and on waste land.



Each flower springs from a dark brown, scaly head and is shaped very much like a thistle. The angular branched stems are exceptionally tough, so tough that they blunt the mowers' scythes.

The dull green leaves vary considerably in shape—some have finely-toothed edges, while others are more deeply notched. The under-sides are covered with down. Those growing lower down possess stalks, but the upper leaves clasp the stem.

In Reverse

My whole is a kind of tree;
But if you reverse you'll see
An English river twill be.

Answer next week

How Long is Time?

SIR JAMES JEANS, the famous astronomer, once gave this striking word-picture of the vast length of Time.

A fairly lengthy book, he said, has about 200,000 words, averaging five letters apiece. Take the whole book to represent the age of the Earth. Then all civilisation occupies no more than the last word or two, and the whole of the Christian era by something less than the last letter. A lifetime is a good deal less than the full stop with which the book ends.

But the whole age of the Universe, of which the Earth is one planet, would be represented by a library of thousands of volumes.

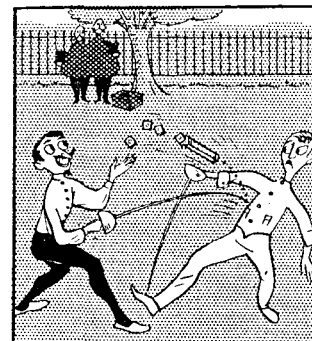
Jacko Has to Take His Medicine



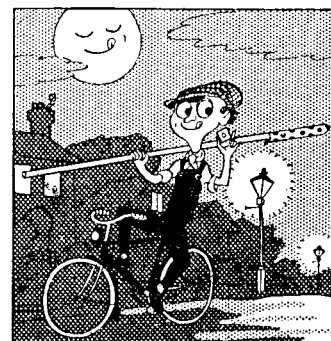
But bounding Bouncer, a great bottle-bringer-backer, thought otherwise.

A Matter of Speed

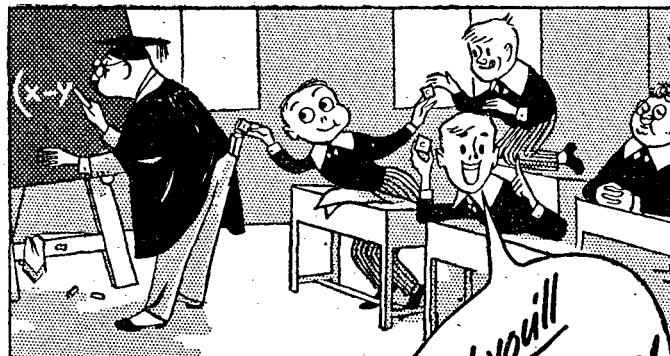
WHAT is the best thing to make in a hurry? Haste.



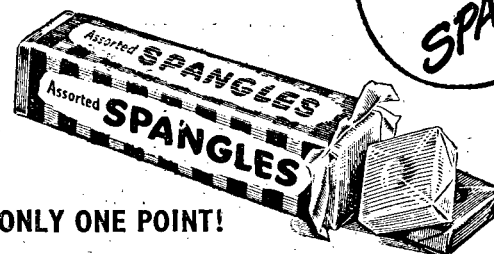
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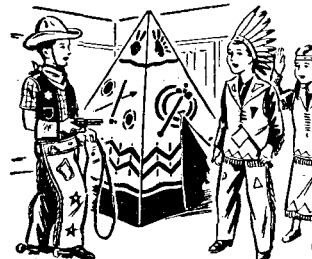
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